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PHILIPS PARK.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH IT?

THERE are some people who are, according to Shakespere, witty themselves; and there are, by the same respectable authority, people who are the cause of wit in others. We have often been disposed to admire the Bradford folk, the dwellers in Bradford "cum," or even beyond, Beswick. Not that they are witty, particularly, but because they seem so ingeniously to have combined all the elements of repulsiveness in themselves and their neighbourhood—they are not only quarrelsome themselves, but are also the cause of quarrelling among other people. Our own acquaintance with them is periodically refreshed by the reports in the *Manchester City News* of the proceedings of their private and particular municipality, the Bradford Local Board—"Another Scene at the Board," and so on—and the appearance of some of them before the Beak on some trifling irregularity about the voting-papers is not altogether unknown. But, after all, what would life be worth without little incidents of this kind to diversify the hum-drum of everyday existence?

Then, they've a park, a Park, to put it correctly, one of the Public Parks—in name, at all events; but practically it belongs to Bradford and its *indigenes*. It is not altogether a bad sort of Park when you're at it, but who, except a Whitsuntide Sunday School-ite knows how to get there? There is an omnibus from somewhere in Market Street, which will, if you choose, take you to Bradford. Arrived there, you descend at the Queen's Arms, and, avoiding the royal embraces, you pass by the end of the house, and, having crossed the canal bridge, you very soon find yourself at the Park corner—Hyde, or Hide Park, one might call it, so dexterously does it seem secluded from the public gaze. The Sunday scholar plods up Mill Street, from Ancoats Lane, and when the end of that abominably dull line of uniformity is reached, a path inclining to the right, past the Bradford Colliery, brings him down to the inky waters of the Medlock, having safely crossed which, he begins the ascent of Steam-engine Brow, and is directly at the Park. But whether it's worth while going through so much, to learn so little, as the intelligent boy said when he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter of opinion.

Philips Park, taken by itself, is not a bad sort of place. It commands an almost uninterrupted view of Newton Heath, with its glass-house chimneys and smoke-stacks of every shape though of one unvarying hue; and near at hand is the Cemetery, and "Jordan rolls between," as the hymn used to say, only it's called the Medlock just here. Between this pellucid stream and the stink-pots of Bradford lies this Park, and a scheme has been laid for improving the foliage and verdure of the Park, and wafting additional perfumes on its scent-laden atmosphere by erecting large gas-works close by.

The Gas Committee, it seems, have, like the Snigbruck orator, long been of opinion that "the time has now arrived" for having additional means of gas-making; and to that end they bought a piece of land close to this park, and then came and told the Council what good boys they had been, and all the rest of it, and waited for the sixpence or piece of plum-cake which is the just reward of ingenuous youth. This, however, did not come; for there were actually some cantankerous people found who insisted that gas works abutting on the park would not improve it, and that the public should be consulted upon the question. Since September last the public has been making up its mind, and on the same day that the Prussians entered Paris, the Council decided, by thirty-five to twenty-four, that the gas works must not be placed next door to the Philips Park. Thereupon the defeated minority, with the usual inconsequence of an angry man, want to know where they are to place the works (since more space is an admitted necessity), and what they must do with the land they have bought. Why, truly, that is their business to find out. The immediate suburbs of Manchester are not so truly rural as to leave no place suitable for gas works; and it is part of the *raison d'être* of a gas committee to manage all matters within their department to the satisfaction, not of themselves merely, but of the public also. That is a retort which we humbly place at the service of the gas authorities. Meanwhile, it is quite clear, that the committee will have to get rid of the land that they have (somewhat prematurely we think) purchased; but, except they have made a very bad bargain indeed, they will have no difficulty at all in selling it, probably to a profit. Indeed, they must either sell that or sell the park. Happy thought. Sell the park! After all, why not?

Philips Park is not a bad sort of place—when you're there, as we before remarked—but it's half the battle in a place intended to be one of public resort that it is accessible. No one, we should think, would seriously contend that it was intended for the benefit of the Bradfordians and Beswickians, and it is, practically speaking, unfrequented by anybody else, except the hordes of Sunday scholars in Whitsun-week, when it becomes a land of milk and bunny. In fact, it is in such a back-of-behind place that nobody is ever likely to go to it; and although it is the fashion to lament the want of roads to it, we really think that if there were half-a-dozen roads to it there would not be any more visitors to it. For it is the essence of a road that it should lead to somewhere, to some place or other whither it is a necessity, or a habit, or a duty for people to go, and no road that could serve as an approach to the Park could be of any use to any other place. It would lead to nowhere, in fact. It's "the gate one likes to go," after all, that is the most thronged with wayfarers.

Alderman Murray spoke half a truth only when he said that the Corporation had no power to sell the park. We have no knowledge of the contents of the trust-deed that he referred to, and should hesitate to accept his opinion as to whether that document contains any powers of sale and exchange or not; but if it do not, such powers could be readily obtained from Parliament, where the Council is in the habit of going almost every year for something or other. Alderman Rumney said that the land with which the committee have so unluckily incumbered themselves, was specially adapted for works, and would never be covered with cottages alone. We are happy, for once, to agree with Mr. Rumney, and the remark is true of the whole of the park. We should therefore be inclined to consider that it would not be a bad thing to sell the park. One part of it would be readily taken for an extension of the Cemetery, which will, before long, be needed; another part could be taken and added to the committee's now useless plot of land, and the rest would sell readily enough to private purchasers. The Council could then lay out the proceeds on another park in a less sooty and more suitable and accessible neighbourhood, and the cantankerous Bradfordians would only be too delighted to have such a substantial grievance to dilate upon as the "confiscation" of their park.

That is to say, if more gas-works are really needed. Alderman Bennett and the special committee think they are. Councillor Goldschmidt, who says he has had opportunities of judging, thinks not. We can't pretend to decide, as we have

not the information which the committee possess. One thing we do know—that gas-making is the most profitable business that the Corporation do; and, as selling more gas means more profit to the town, for heaven's sake let them make and sell as much gas as they can. We are, therefore, disposed to accept half the conclusion of the committee. Let us give them more facilities for gas-making, only let it be done at a proper place. But for the Park the site already purchased would be as good as any that could easily be found. Therefore—sell the Park!

MANCHESTER BANKING AND BANKS.

THE Manchester Joint Stock Banks have now issued their annual reports and declared their dividends. Notwithstanding the low rate of interest which has ruled for the past year, with the exception of a few weeks—when it suddenly rose to six per cent on the declaration of war between France and Prussia, and as rapidly fell again to two and a half—most of the Banks appear to have had a profitable time. The annual meetings have gone off with their usual apathy, a characteristic which, if not an invariable indication of prosperity and success, is perhaps as good a one, in these days of letting daylight into every nook and cranny of corporations and associations of all sorts, as confiding shareholders are likely to get. Even fat dividends and unctuous bonuses, dear as they are to complacent shareholders, are not invariable and unerring evidences of security and everlasting prosperity.

From the very nature of the business, banking must be carried on in comparative secrecy, and the real intricacies of a bank's business can only be known to a few. It is all very well to say that a board of bank directors must make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the minute details of each and every account in the bank's ledgers. That is an impossibility. Jealous customers and clients, who take umbrage even at their cheques being taken "behind" for inspection and not paid instanter, would never submit to their bills and balances being over-hauled and the whole nature of their business inspected by those who might possibly be their own rivals and competitors. Hence, the main business of the board of directors must be entrusted to a few, in some cases possibly even to one individual. This is an evil, but a necessary one. It is probably the only obstacle which will prevent private banks from being finally swallowed up and extinguished by the Joint Stock principle. We do not make much account of the public auditing of accounts, as ordinarily carried on, and some audits which we see occasionally appear to us to partake of the nature of puffs. For the most part, and so far as we have opportunities of judging, the Manchester banks are now carried on upon sound banking principles, although occasionally revelations are made which are sufficiently startling and which make us stare. The principle of having a large reserve of capital in proportion to the amount of deposits held is now fully recognized. For security, in times of panic, this is an absolute necessity. A sudden run upon its deposits, without resources to fall back upon in the shape of reserves, might shake the strongest bank to its foundations. Panics are of periodical occurrence, and will appear again as surely as comets, eclipses, earthquakes, and other phenomena of nature. Bank directors incur enormous responsibilities, for there are no descriptions of mercantile corporations which, when they fail, scatter ruin and desolation so far and wide as does the collapse of a bank.

Good bank directors are not very easily got, particularly in Manchester, whence a man of business, so soon as he retires, generally takes his departure. To quote an authority who has often been referred to in these pages, Mr. J. W. Gilbart, "retired men of business make the best bank directors." They are the most independent, and the bank's clients are not jealous of them. In our opinion, no director under any consideration whatever should have the power to over-draw his account, much less should he be allowed to do so and discount his own paper at the same time. In fact, we are not quite clear that men very largely engaged in business of a mercantile nature, with enormous liabilities hanging over them, are the proper material from which to elect bank directors at all.

The extension of branch banks into the suburbs and other populous districts removed from the centre of the town is an excellent principle, and of great public benefit, inasmuch as it encourages habits of thrift and frugality in the community, and induces people who never thought of keeping a banking account to commence doing so. There are vast populations and industries at such places as Harpurhey, Eccles, and Longsight, and yet we believe that, with the exception of the Post Office Savings Banks, which are not serviceable for business purposes, such an institution as a bank is unknown.

Several changes have lately occurred in the composition of the boards of the Manchester banks, to which it is not necessary further to allude. Among probable changes we hear that Mr. Thomas Stirling, lately a managing director of the Manchester and Liverpool District, is about to join the Board of the Union Bank.

AN OLD MANCHESTER STREET BOOKSELLER.

WHO that has reached life's meridian, and visited old bookstalls, did not know "old Jimmy Weatherly?" Many a chat have we had with him, and many are the half-hours we have spent examining his old books, and listening to his gossip about old Manchester and old Manchester men. Commencing his career as a street book-seller from the pressing necessities of want, by wheeling his small stock into the Market Place, opposite the Exchange, in the year 1817, he finished at a stall near to the Coroner's Court, at the bottom of John Dalton Street, eleven years ago.

Old Jimmy's career was indeed a chequered one. Many ups and downs had he in his business; the latter part of his life, we are sorry to record, being one dead level of the down without a single up to relieve the monotony of its misery. The early part of his life, prior to the year 1820—he was born in 1794—was probably the most eventful, and we propose to give some particulars of it as we received it, from time to time, in detached fragments from his lips.

"At my father's death in 1804," said Jimmy, "I was ten years old, and working in a cotton factory. I continued to work in cotton factories and dye-houses until 1817, and it was thirteen years of the most horrid slavery. The hours of work were from five in the morning until nine at night, and I had to leave my home by four to get the machinery oiled for starting at five. I had to travel the greater part of the time nearly two miles to get to my work, carrying with me my food for the day, the whole of which I have sometimes consumed before I began work. I was working at Rupp's factory, Old Garret. Potter's factory, at the bottom of Brook Street, a short way from ours, stopped for repairs, and they let off their reservoir. When our mill stopped at night, a lot of Rudd's lads, myself amongst the number, went catching eels in the mud of the reservoir. It was about midsummer, and warm, and I was one of the last out, between ten and eleven o'clock. We had stripped naked, and when I went to where I had left my clothes, I found they were stolen! I felt cold and miserable, and began crying, when two old women came to me, and pitying my condition, one of them took me to her house close by, and rigged me out with some female's clothing—she had some factory girls lodging with her—and putting an old straw bonnet on my head, and a lump of bread and butter in my hand, sent me off. It was past twelve o'clock when I reached my home.

"My next place of employment was in Hughes's mill in Salford. I worked in the top story. I could see over the houses into the road leading to the Crescent, and I wondered how all the people walking about with their hats and coats on could get a living, and was anxious to find it out. There was a man called 'Old Joseph,' who used to come sunning himself nearly every day against our factory wall, with a short pipe in his mouth. He was a maker of Eccles cakes in Oldfield Lane, and I sought the information from him. 'It's buyin' an' sellin' lad, buyin' an' sellin', that's t'way it's done,' he answered. I had saved fifteen half-crowns, and hid them away under the keys of an old harpsichord, and with that for capital was desirous of trying my luck in a new sphere. Old Joseph used to go taking his glass at the Angel at the corner of Oldfield Lane, and the week before Manchester races I sought an interview with him, which resulted in a commercial treaty between

us. I was to have four guineas worth of cakes, paying down half the money before, and the remainder after they were sold. He also lent me a basket and a nice white table cloth. A friend having assisted me to get my merchandise to Kersal moor, I took my stand near the judge's chair, and by four o'clock had sold up! I counted my money, and found I had £5. 17s. in silver, and a few coppers. I was so elevated I did not know what to do. Farewell to cotton factories now, cried I; thank God I have done with them at last! I was walking about with my empty basket slung to my back by the table cloth, longing for something to eat and drink, but determined not to waste my capital by purchasing it there, when upon going to the back of the stand I saw a group of persons tossing for money, amongst them one who evidently was a preacher, for he was dressed in black, had a white neckcloth on, and was very religious in his observations. The preacher kept winning, and had a hand full of silver. 'If you are foolish enough and wicked enough,' said he to the man who tossed up the halfpence, 'to lose your money in this manner, it is no fault of mine; Providence has evidently sent me to receive it and put it to a better purpose, so heads I'll have again for another half-crown,' and down came the halfpence heads upwards. Several times did this occur, and each time the preacher showed his pious gratitude. At length I thought what a good thing it would be if I could add a pound or two to my capital. So, setting my basket against the back of the stand, I began to toss with them, with much encouragement from the gentleman in black. I began with venturing a shilling and won. By the advice of the preacher, I increased it to half-a-crown, and very soon had not a penny left. 'Satan has been too many for us, my friend,' said the clerical-looking scoundrel as he walked away with his confederates, laughing. I followed him, and asked him to give me a shilling to buy some food. He replied, 'No,' it is good that you should fast. The scripture saith, 'fast and pray lest ye enter into temptation!' Here was a deplorable end of my castle building. How I got home I know not. I remember standing upon Agecroft Bridge, half resolved to throw myself into the Irwell. I paid old Joseph twenty shillings some time after, and he forgave me the rest.

"My next employment was to spin on one wheel coarse counts for Thomas Armstrong, at Knott Mill. He had taken a room in a factory that was let off to different tenants. I had only been there a few weeks when the mill got on fire. I was still lodging in Oldfield Lane, and heard the watchman give the alarm. I got up and went to the fire, and found it was in the room where I worked. We began to get what things we could out of the mill, and shortly, Armstrong came and joined us. The following week he was taken into custody, charged with setting the place on fire, committed to the assizes at Lancaster, convicted, and hung there in the following September, a few days after the Ashcrofts and Holden were executed for the murder of Maria Marsden and Susanah Partington, at Mr. Littlewood's, at Pendleton, in the spring of that year (1817).

"Work was now very scarce, owing to so many men being discharged from the army. I was now married, and had one child. I was always fond of reading, and had spent what little money I could spare in buying books from time to time. To procure food, I was compelled to take my books, two or three at a time, into the town to sell. I generally used to go to Jerry Hanmer, who then kept a book-shop at the top of Market Street Lane, as it was then called. I have sold him a book that cost me fourteen shillings for one shilling and sixpence. I was grieving over the sacrifices to my wife and an old neighbour woman one day, when the latter said, 'James, if I were thee, I would put them in a barrow, and take them into the Market Place. Thou would get a better price for them that way.' I thought it was good advice, so I looked out some books. The good old woman—her name was Mrs. Tongue—gave me a lot of old music and a few pamphlets, and a shoemaker presented me with some cullings from his library, and I borrowed a table and set off. When I set them out in the front of the Exchange they filled the table. I kept eyeing my stall, and was proud of it. From that time I was a bookseller! True, sir, as you say, not much good has come of it, but good ought to have come of it. I've had chances enough; the 'tide' in my 'affairs' has come more than once, but I confess it to my sorrow now, I didn't take it at the 'flood.' Well, I had not been long at my stall before I sold *Fleetwood's Life of Christ* for 3s. 6d. Hanmer had offered me a shilling for it. By twelve o'clock that day my receipts amounted to 10s. 6d. I had no idea of purchasing stock then, but a young man offered me two books, *Murray's Grammar* and *Exercises*, for eightpence; I sold them at one o'clock for 3s. 6d. I also purchased a Church Prayer-book for ninepence, and afterwards sold it for one shilling and ninepence. I remember every trifling incident connected with that day's business. It was the 19th of June, 1817. I wheeled my stock home to Oldfield Lane that night, with eighteen shillings in my pocket, determined to continue the trade of a bookseller. My wife was cheered with our brightening prospect. We agreed that night, that in order that I might save money for stock my wife should go home to her parents at Macclesfield for a month or two. Her father's name was Roger Brookes, a cousin of the Rev. Joshua Brookes, the well-known and eccentric parson. In a few days my stock had so increased that I was no longer able to wheel it home at night, so I took a place near the market to put it in, and set up a new stall. This year the stock of Mr. Slack, printer, of Salford, was removed to St. Ann's Square, to be sold by auction. I bought, and cleared ten pounds in one day, and had a great many perfect copies of *Tim Bobbin*—8vo.—at the price of waste paper. During the year 1818 I had a famous bargain from Hope Hall, and cleared a good deal of money.

"The Peterloo riots now took place. On the day after the break-out, about twelve o'clock, a man came galloping down Market Street Lane to the Exchange, proclaiming that a mob of ten thousand were coming into the town from Oldham Road, armed with pistols, picks, scythes, and bludgeons. I never saw such a bustle in my life as then took place. The Exchange doors and shutters were banged to. Tradesmen were running in all directions. Hundreds of panes of glass were broken by hurrying up the shutters. The Market Place was cleared in a few minutes. Books, stockings, hardware, plants, and vegetables of all sorts were flung indiscriminately into the storing cellars, and, after all, it turned out a false alarm! The same night, however, there were serious riots in Oldham Street. Several persons were shot. One I knew. His name was Parry, and he lived in Gravel Lane, Salford. He lost a leg from a pistol shot.

"In 1820 my stock had so increased that I took a cellar shop in Market Street Lane. It was at the corner of what was then called the 'New Market,' on the westerly side of the street leading to the present *Guardian* office. The property belonged to the Rev. John Clowes, of Broughton Hall. Mr. Twyford, of Deansgate, watchmaker, was his steward and collector. I had two cellars to the front, the best place for business I ever had in my life, and paid but four shillings per week rent, and I had a stall in front upon which I could show eighteen hundred volumes! The building was five storeys high, and let off to different tenants. The stairs leading to every floor were outside the building, a plan seldom seen now-a-days. Nothing but good luck had attended me from the day I first wheeled my stock into the Market Place, and became a bookseller and a bookbuyer. I was doing well at this place in Market Street Lane, but, unfortunately, the building I was in was required for the widening of the street. Yet, in leaving it, my good luck did not desert me. By the act, twelve months' notice to quit was to be given to each tenant, and we were expecting it for some time. The floor above me was occupied by one Booth, who kept a registry office. The next was George Hall's billiard rooms. Over the billiard rooms was George Collier, a working optician, and the top storey of all was used for making flock beds and mattresses out of cotton waste. All these people told me that they would receive compensation for leaving, but that I, having so recently entered, would get nothing. The long-expected notices at length were delivered, and in mine I was directed to send a statement in writing to the commissioners of the loss I should sustain in removing. To the astonishment of the other tenants, there was no allusion to compensation in the notices they had received. The laugh was now on my side. They became alarmed, for they all expected a handsome sum. Having procured a copy of the act they found, much to their chagrin, that none but traders were to be remunerated!

"As my handwriting was wretchedly bad, I got Mr. Robinson, the writing master, to make out my claim, and it was executed in a beautiful manner. I claimed two hundred pounds. When I handed it in the writing was very much admired. It was handed round the room, and I was complimented for my cleverness. I did not undeceive them. David, commonly called 'Quaker' Holt, was the chairman. About a week before the expiration of the notice, Charles Aubrey, clerk to the commissioners, came to my shop and said the commissioners had con-

sidered my case, and he was sent to offer me sixty pounds. I at once refused it. He came back shortly and said they would give me eighty. If I did not accept it the case must go to a jury. I said I would take it, so he pulled a paper out of his pocket and said, 'sign that.' I felt that my credit as a splendid penman must now vanish, for bad as my writing is now it was much worse then. I told Mr. Aubrey, however, that I had injured my right arm, and must sign with my left! I did so, and saved my credit."

Space will not permit us to follow Jimmy into the various shops he became tenant of from this time, nor into that historical edifice at Lancaster whither he repaired for the purpose of being "whitewashed." Suffice it to say that from the occurrence of that sanitary performance, he was reduced to a small stall in the streets, the stock for which was frequently given by more prudent and fortunate fellow-traders in return for his aid in sorting and marking their purchases. He was considered the best judge amongst them all of the commercial value of old books, but we fear there was that wanting in him which not only prevented his prospering, as many of his contemporaries in the trade have done, but which probably contributed to the miserable poverty in which he died.

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A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

Air—Johnny Cope.

WATTS sent a card frae Abney Ha',
"Come lunch wi' me, baith ane and a',
And I'll learn you the art sae braw
Of knife and fork in the morning."
Hey! Jamie Watts, are you waukin yet?
Or are your horns a-blawin' yet?
If ye were waukin, I wad wait
To gang to meet ye i' the morning.

Jamie sent word the papers to,
'Twixt twal' and ane he wad come through
The toon; the ceetezens, they flew
To meet the Sheriff i' the morning.

At twal' o' clock the streets were thrang,
At ane ye could na' pass alang,
But yet we could na sing "slap bang,
Here we are again," i' the morning.

Noo, Jamie, man, mak' haste and come
Wi' silver horns, if no wi' drum;
Wi' javelin men and show us some
O' your pomp and pride this morning.

When Jamie got to Portland Street,
'Twas after the time the judges to meet:
Gude Lord! he turn'd as white as a sheet
At thochts o' the Wigs that morning.

Says Jamie, "Chaplain, when I see
That clock of the Infirmaree,
I think we had better bide a wee
At the Queen's Hotel this morning."

His Rev'rence having said Amen,
They speer'd at Jamie—"Where's your men?"
"The deil confound me if I ken,
For they left me a' in the morning."

Sir Jamie, troth ye were na blate,
Sae lang to gar us a' to wait,
And leave a Judge to ride in state
By himsel' in a cab i' the morning.

"In faith!" quo' Jamie "I got sic flegs,
I'll hang my claes up on their pegs,
This sword keeps gettin' between my legs,
So I wish you a' good morning."

Hey! Jamie Watts, are ye waukin yet?
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If ye were waukin I wad wait,
To gang to meet ye i' the morning.

TOWN TALK,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE SHERIFF'S PROCESSION.

WE want to abuse somebody. We don't know who it is, but somebody we want to abuse: and, if we are not mistaken, the public wants to abuse somebody too. We should like to know what is the use of organizing a procession, if it is not to be taken through the town. At least, after allowing a report to circulate, uncontradicted, to the effect that Market Street was in the line of route, it shows a great want of consideration for many hundreds of people on the part of the Master of the Ceremonies that the procession never went down Market Street at all. If it was absolutely necessary that the Queen's Hotel should be the terminus of the proceedings, surely that hostelry might easily have been made the last, and not the first, place of arrival in the town. Mr. Justice Martin very sensibly walked to his lodgings, and Mr. Justice Willes, with equal discretion, took a cab. But that is no reason why hundreds of folks should have been deprived of the innocent, if not very exciting, spectacle of a long line of carriages and horses. However, the result will not be altogether unfortunate, if it impresses the number of young children who lined the windows of the shops in Market Street with an early lesson on the hollowness of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world.

MRS. HOWARD PAUL AND MR. SIMS REEVES.

Few public entertainers who visit Manchester are more warmly welcomed than Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul. When Mrs. Paul, on her marriage, abandoned the stage, the high-class drama lost one of its best and brightest exponents, for, at the Haymarket, as Miss Featherstone, she was the chief attraction of that popular theatre. Her clever impersonations are greatly relished, and when Mrs. Paul revisits the glimpses of the footlights as Gil Blas and that very demonstrative lady the Grand Duchess, in the representation of whom she far surpasses the redoubtable Schneider (who, by the way, is not dead, as reported) she exercises her fascinations upon the audience with irresistible power. Her impersonation of Mr. Sims Reeves is really an artistic performance. It was with great regret, then, that we observed the following advertisement in the Manchester papers this week, which we think Mrs. Howard Paul should not have sanctioned:—"Sims Reves photographed to-night, by Mrs. Howard Paul. Apart from the excellence of this wonderful impersonation, Mrs. Howard Paul *really sings when she is announced. In respect to absenting herself, Mrs. Howard Paul does not imitate the eminent tenor.*" This implies a serious reflection on Mr. Reeves. The simple truth is, that being particularly liable, after many years of hard work, to an affection of the throat, Mr. Reeves's public appearances cannot be calculated upon with that degree of certainty which is desirable. Every time that Mr. Reeves cannot sing involves him in a very serious pecuniary loss. Were he to attempt to sing and break down, such a catastrophe might be fatal to his professional career. So far from sneering and making stupid jokes at a circumstance which is a misfortune to Mr. Reeves, and quite beyond his control, we heartily sympathise with him. In his own words when requested to sing gratis the other day in aid of the French fund,—"Why, oh, why, are poor artists so persecuted?"

JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE AND MACREADY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—In your recent article on John Philip Kemble, under the heading "Lancashire Worthies," some stress was laid on an opinion of the poet Campbell upon that great tragedian's performance of Lear. The point on which the actor seemed especially to satisfy the critic was the consummate preservation of the kingly dignity under circumstances of the most abject mental and physical misery, and upon the strength of this excellence the grand and ever imposing John was pronounced facile *princeps* of all possible stage Lears. It may be interesting to remark

how this emphatically pronounced opinion of the poet-critic turned up again—only, however, to be challenged—some 25 years after it was first published. In 1834-5, Macready's star had risen, and in an odd volume of *Fox's Monthly Repository* of that date, I find the following :—"The finest of Macready's performances (which includes its being the finest thing that the British stage can at present exhibit) is King Lear. Mr. Campbell, whose idol is John Philip Kemble, owns that Macready's performance is 'masterly,' but complained that he 'misses Kemble's eyes.' That were better than to have missed Macready's brains and nerves. We have never seen an impersonation implying so much of the best intellectual and moral qualities combined with such artistical perfection. Without adverting to any particular beauty or any of the many touches which made throats swell or tears flow, we would observe of the actor's conception of the character that, unlike Mr. Kemble, he seized upon the exact point and condition, in the natural history of mind and body, at which and at which alone the aged king and father secures our respect, pity, and sympathy in the highest degree. It was said that Garrick would have turned in his grave with envy at the success of Mrs. Siddons's Lady Macbeth. I prefer to say that Mrs. Siddon would have wept and knelt to the power of Macready's Lear." Those of your readers who saw Macready in his prime will have little difficulty in imagining the points of difference between the Lear of Kemble and the Lear of Macready. Our great-grandfathers had observed the same differences in the Lear of Barry and the Lear of Garrick, as witness the following epigram by a wit of the period :—

A different mode our people find
To praise the different Lears:
To Barry they give loud applause,
To Garrick only tears.

Yours truly,—OLIM.

THE PURCHAS JUDGMENT IN MANCHESTER.

The recent Privy Council judgment concerning vestments and the position of the priest at the Holy Table has not, as yet, materially affected the ordinary uses of Manchester. At St. Alban's, on Sunday last, Divine service was conducted as usual. Mr. Sedgwick was the celebrant, and he was assisted by his two curates, as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. Mr. Sedgwick consecrated with his back to the people, and stood facing the centre of the altar. Whenever the deacon and sub-deacon passed and re-passed the altar, they inclined their heads. At St. John Baptist's, also, the old position was retained. Neither has Mr. Bardsley as yet conformed to the judgment, or have copes been provided at the Cathedral. In commenting on the judgment, almost all the London press deplore its illiberality, and the *Standard* urges the getting-up of a new case. Without at all admitting the importance of position during the act of celebration, we would suggest that the true reading of "before the table" is this, viz., that the priest should interpret the words literally, and really stand before the table facing the people. This is a very primitive, if not *the* primitive position *par excellence*, and only in this position can the people actually see that the act of consecration is rightly and duly performed. At present the priest is before the people, but with his back to them, and the table is before him. *Ergo*, he is behind the table, while the rubric plainly states that his position is to be "before." For the bowing towards the altar, the St. Alban's clergy plead canon vii. as their authority. This canon, which is one that has passed the Great Seal, most certainly enjoins bowing, not as a matter of faith, but as a godly custom.

THE POLICE AT THE SCHILLER ANSTALT ILLUMINATION.

On Thursday last week the Schiller Anstalt in the Oxford Road was illuminated from roof to basement in honour of the German victories and the termination of the war. For some inscrutable reason it seems to have been deemed necessary to engage the services of a number of policemen, both constables in uniform and detectives in plain clothes. Whether the Germans, members of the club, dreaded some counter-demonstration on the part of the peaceable English citizens of the neighbourhood, or whether the step was taken at the instance of Captain Palin with a view to the maintenance of public order in case any popular manifestation adverse to the Germans should occur we do not know. Certain it is that there was a tolerably strong force in front of the Schiller Anstalt from the time of lighting up to until midnight. The crowd, as it happened, proved peaceable, much apparently to the chagrin of the police, but about eleven o'clock a sort of extemporaneous procession was formed, and it moved along the road singing "Rule Britannia." Perhaps fifty people took part in it. It was a perfectly harmless affair; a little innocent frolic which meant no offence, and could by no possibility have been construed into disturbance. Nevertheless, the procession was set upon by the police, the men in plain clothes figuring conspicuously in the attack, and three unlucky gentlemen were hauled off to the police station in Boundary Street, where, we presume, they were compelled to pass the night. The scene has been described to us by correspondents, whose names we have, and upon whose verity we place absolute reliance, and, according to their concurrent testimony, a more officious interference, a more unprovoked, uncalled-for, and wanton attack on the part of the police it is scarcely possible to conceive. The three gentlemen (one the son of a much-esteemed and highly-placed official of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company) were brought before the magistrates at the City Police Court on Friday, and the charge against them was at once dismissed. They were brought up so early in fact, and the case was got through so quickly, that the reporters to the newspapers do not appear to have arrived until after it was all over, and thus the affair has escaped the notice of the press. Sins of omission and commission on the part of the police are really getting a trifle too frequent. What with the Burns-Seddon affair, the public-house *laches* discovered by the teetotallers, and now this discreditable Schiller Anstalt business, it is time to ask the Watch Committee and Captain Palin whether the so-called guardians of the peace are not becoming as great a nuisance and terror as the evil-doers for whose special behoof they are supposed to exist.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

IT is always a time of rejoicing for the habitual play-goer when the pantomime, that has blocked the way for many weeks, is bundled into oblivion, and genuine drama once more resumes its place in the bills. Here in Manchester, where we are dependent almost entirely on one theatre for our dramatic entertainment, the long run of any piece is a peculiar hardship; and, meritorious as was the *Blackbird* pantomime, it is a matter for congratulation that it has at length run its course. But the rejoicing of the habitual playgoer can only be of a modified sort, inasmuch as there is every indication that the new Shakesperian revival will go on running until Mr. Sothern brings us Mr. Albery's last comedy at Easter. We can honestly and heartily recommend it as being more than worthy to take rank with the previous more ambitious efforts of the Prince's management in the same line. With all their merits, most of the revivals hitherto have been marred by a strong element of tediousness, arising from inordinate length and over-elaboration. *Timon* has neither of these faults. It gives us pleasure to be able to allude to it in terms of almost unreserved praise.

There are several reasons why we regard this performance with particular favour. In the first place, the unostentatious manner in which it has been produced. Indeed, the modesty with which it has been brought out has been carried almost to an extreme; for a fortnight before it was played we question whether fifty of the outside public were aware of its being in preparation. And so simple was the announcement when it was made, that we did not in the least expect to find in *Timon* a revival equalling the former ones in excellence, and infinitely freer from defects. Yet this new piece has been produced with all the care and liberality with which its predecessors were brought out, without the pedantry. In the second place, although the play is acted by the ordinary company, the acting does not strike one as so unworthy of the occasion as the acting at this theatre has sometimes seemed. The piece does not make such large demands upon the histrionic talents of its representatives as is the case with Shakespere's more important plays, and it

sidered my case, and he was sent to offer me sixty pounds. I at once refused it. He came back shortly and said they would give me eighty. If I did not accept it the case must go to a jury. I said I would take it, so he pulled a paper out of his pocket and said, 'sign that.' I felt that my credit as a splendid penman must now vanish, for bad as my writing is now it was much worse then. I told Mr. Aubrey, however, that I had injured my right arm, and must sign with my left! I did so, and saved my credit."

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WE want to abuse somebody. We don't know who it is, but somebody we want to abuse: and, if we are not mistaken, the public wants to abuse somebody too. We should like to know what is the use of organizing a procession, if it is not to be taken through the town. At least, after allowing a report to circulate, uncontradicted, to the effect that Market Street was in the line of route, it shows a great want of consideration for many hundreds of people on the part of the Master of the Ceremonies that the procession never went down Market Street at all. If it was absolutely necessary that the Queen's Hotel should be the terminus of the proceedings, surely that hostelry might easily have been made the last, and not the first, place of arrival in the town. Mr. Justice Martin very sensibly walked to his lodgings, and Mr. Justice Willes, with equal discretion, took a cab. But that is no reason why hundreds of folks should have been deprived of the innocent, if not very exciting, spectacle of a long line of carriages and horses. However, the result will not be altogether unfortunate, if it impresses the number of young children who lined the windows of the shops in Market Street with an early lesson on the hollowness of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world.

MRS. HOWARD PAUL AND MR. SIMS REEVES.

Few public entertainers who visit Manchester are more warmly welcomed than Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul. When Mrs. Paul, on her marriage, abandoned the stage, the high-class drama lost one of its best and brightest exponents, for, at the Haymarket, as Miss Featherstone, she was the chief attraction of that popular theatre. Her clever impersonations are greatly relished, and when Mrs. Paul revisits the glimpses of the footlights as Gil Blas and that very demonstrative lady the Grand Duchess, in the representation of whom she far surpasses the redoubtable Schneider (who, by the way, is not dead, as reported) she exercises her fascinations upon the audience with irresistible power. Her impersonation of Mr. Sims Reeves is really an artistic performance. It was with great regret, then, that we observed the following advertisement in the Manchester papers this week, which we think Mrs. Howard Paul should not have sanctioned:—"Sims Reves photographed to-night, by Mrs. Howard Paul. Apart from the excellence of this wonderful impersonation, Mrs. Howard Paul *really sings when she is announced. In respect to absenting herself, Mrs. Howard Paul does not imitate the eminent tenor.*" This implies a serious reflection on Mr. Reeves. The simple truth is, that being particularly liable, after many years of hard work, to an affection of the throat, Mr. Reeves's public appearances cannot be calculated upon with that degree of certainty which is desirable. Every time that Mr. Reeves cannot sing involves him in a very serious pecuniary loss. Were he to attempt to sing and break down, such a catastrophe might be fatal to his professional career. So far from sneering and making stupid jokes at a circumstance which is a misfortune to Mr. Reeves, and quite beyond his control, we heartily sympathise with him. In his own words when requested to sing gratis the other day in aid of the French fund,—"Why, oh, why, are poor artists so persecuted?"

JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE AND MACREADY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—In your recent article on John Philip Kemble, under the heading "Lancashire Worthies," some stress was laid on an opinion of the poet Campbell upon that great tragedian's performance of Lear. The point on which the actor seemed especially to satisfy the critic was the consummate preservation of the kingly dignity under circumstances of the most abject mental and physical misery, and upon the strength of this excellence the grand and ever imposing John was pronounced facile *princeps* of all possible stage Lears. It may be interesting to remark

how this emphatically pronounced opinion of the poet-critic turned up again—only, however, to be challenged—some 25 years after it was first published. In 1834-5, Macready's star had risen, and in an odd volume of *Fox's Monthly Repository* of that date, I find the following :—"The finest of Macready's performances (which includes its being the finest thing that the British stage can at present exhibit) is King Lear. Mr. Campbell, whose idol is John Philip Kemble, owns that Macready's performance is 'masterly,' but complained that he 'misses Kemble's eyes.' That were better than to have missed Macready's brains and nerves. We have never seen an impersonation implying so much of the best intellectual and moral qualities combined with such artistical perfection. Without adverting to any particular beauty or any of the many touches which made throats swell or tears flow, we would observe of the actor's conception of the character that, unlike Mr. Kemble, he seized upon the exact point and condition, in the natural history of mind and body, at which and at which alone the aged king and father secures our respect, pity, and sympathy in the highest degree. It was said that Garrick would have turned in his grave with envy at the success of Mrs. Siddons's Lady Macbeth. I prefer to say that Mrs. Siddon would have wept and knelt to the power of Macready's Lear." Those of your readers who saw Macready in his prime will have little difficulty in imagining the points of difference between the Lear of Kemble and the Lear of Macready. Our great-grandfathers had observed the same differences in the Lear of Barry and the Lear of Garrick, as witness the following epigram by a wit of the period :—

A different mode our people find
To praise the different Lears :
To Barry they give loud applause,
To Garrick only tears.

Yours truly,—OLIM.

THE PURCHAS JUDGMENT IN MANCHESTER.

The recent Privy Council judgment concerning vestments and the position of the priest at the Holy Table has not, as yet, materially affected the ordinary uses of Manchester. At St. Alban's, on Sunday last, Divine service was conducted as usual. Mr. Sedgwick was the celebrant, and he was assisted by his two curates, as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. Mr. Sedgwick consecrated with his back to the people, and stood facing the centre of the altar. Whenever the deacon and sub-deacon passed and re-passed the altar, they inclined their heads. At St. John Baptist's, also, the old position was retained. Neither has Mr. Bardsley as yet conformed to the judgment, or have copes been provided at the Cathedral. In commenting on the judgment, almost all the London press deplore its illiberality, and the *Standard* urges the getting-up of a new case. Without at all admitting the importance of position during the act of celebration, we would suggest that the true reading of "before the table" is this, viz., that the priest should interpret the words literally, and really stand before the table facing the people. This is a very primitive, if not *the* primitive position *par excellence*, and only in this position can the people actually see that the act of consecration is rightly and duly performed. At present the priest is before the people, but with his back to them, and the table is before him. *Ergo*, he is behind the table, while the rubric plainly states that his position is to be "before." For the bowing towards the altar, the St. Alban's clergy plead canon vii. as their authority. This canon, which is one that has passed the Great Seal, most certainly enjoins bowing, not as a matter of faith, but as a godly custom.

THE POLICE AT THE SCHILLER ANSTALT ILLUMINATION.

On Thursday last week the Schiller Anstalt in the Oxford Road was illuminated from roof to basement in honour of the German victories and the termination of the war. For some inscrutable reason it seems to have been deemed necessary to engage the services of a number of policemen, both constables in uniform and detectives in plain clothes. Whether the Germans, members of the club, dreaded some counter-demonstration on the part of the peaceable English citizens of the neighbourhood, or whether the step was taken at the instance of Captain Palin with a view to the maintenance of public order in case any popular manifestation adverse to the Germans should occur we do not know. Certain it is that there was a tolerably strong force in front of the Schiller Anstalt from the time of lighting up to until midnight. The crowd, as it happened, proved peaceable, much apparently to the chagrin of the police, but about eleven o'clock a sort of extemporaneous procession was formed, and it moved along the road singing "Rule Britannia." Perhaps fifty people took part in it. It was a perfectly harmless affair; a little innocent frolic which meant no offence, and could by no possibility have been construed into disturbance. Nevertheless, the procession was set upon by the police, the men in plain clothes figuring conspicuously in the attack, and three unlucky gentlemen were hauled off to the police station in Boundary Street, where, we presume, they were compelled to pass the night. The scene has been described to us by correspondents, whose names we have, and upon whose verity we place absolute reliance, and, according to their concurrent testimony, a more officious interference, a more unprovoked, uncalled-for, and wanton attack on the part of the police it is scarcely possible to conceive. The three gentlemen (one the son of a much-esteemed and highly-placed official of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company) were brought before the magistrates at the City Police Court on Friday, and the charge against them was at once dismissed. They were brought up so early in fact, and the case was got through so quickly, that the reporters to the newspapers do not appear to have arrived until after it was all over, and thus the affair has escaped the notice of the press. Sins of omission and commission on the part of the police are really getting a trifle too frequent. What with the Burns-Seddon affair, the public-house *laches* discovered by the teetotallers, and now this discreditable Schiller Anstalt business, it is time to ask the Watch Committee and Captain Palin whether the so-called guardians of the peace are not becoming as great a nuisance and terror as the evil-doers for whose special behoof they are supposed to exist.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

IT is always a time of rejoicing for the habitual play-goer when the pantomime, that has blocked the way for many weeks, is bundled into oblivion, and genuine drama once more resumes its place in the bills. Here in Manchester, where we are dependent almost entirely on one theatre for our dramatic entertainment, the long run of any piece is a peculiar hardship; and, meritorious as was the *Blackbird* pantomime, it is a matter for congratulation that it has at length run its course. But the rejoicing of the habitual playgoer can only be of a modified sort, inasmuch as there is every indication that the new Shakesperian revival will go on running until Mr. Sothern brings us Mr. Albery's last comedy at Easter. We can honestly and heartily recommend it as being more than worthy to take rank with the previous more ambitious efforts of the Prince's management in the same line. With all their merits, most of the revivals hitherto have been marred by a strong element of tediousness, arising from inordinate length and over-elaboration. *Timon* has neither of these faults. It gives us pleasure to be able to allude to it in terms of almost unreserved praise.

There are several reasons why we regard this performance with particular favour. In the first place, the unostentatious manner in which it has been produced. Indeed, the modesty with which it has been brought out has been carried almost to an extreme; for a fortnight before it was played we question whether fifty of the outside public were aware of its being in preparation. And so simple was the announcement when it was made, that we did not in the least expect to find in *Timon* a revival equalling the former ones in excellence, and infinitely freer from defects. Yet this new piece has been produced with all the care and liberality with which its predecessors were brought out, without the pedantry. In the second place, although the play is acted by the ordinary company, the acting does not strike one as so unworthy of the occasion as the acting at this theatre has sometimes seemed. The piece does not make such large demands upon the histrionic talents of its representatives as is the case with Shakespere's more important plays, and it

is very creditably sustained by the members of the stock company. But most of all, the text has been manipulated with a fearless hand, and a dull, straggling series of disjointed scenes has been converted into an interesting, culminating, and effective play. We still think that the scissors might with advantage be further employed upon the last act, but we prefer to be thankful to the moral courage that has gone so far, rather than to complain that it has gone no farther. It is principally to this fact that the story is continually developing, without being smothered in a superfluity of detail, and partly to the fact that *Timon* partakes as much of the sprightliness of comedy as of the dignity of tragedy that the indubitable success with which it went down with the audience is to be ascribed. When practice shortens the delays between the scenes and acts—not very long, upon the whole, even on the first night—we may safely predict for this drama the greatest favour with its future spectators.

The story of *Timon of Athens*, being one of the least known of the plays ascribed to Shakespere, may be briefly recapitulated. Timon is a wealthy Athenian, of a free and generous disposition, who keeps an almost open palace, where he entertains in regal style whoever choose to avail themselves of his sumptuous hospitality. He is the patron of all sorts of men, and overwhelms his friends with gifts and kindnesses. Under these circumstances it may easily be believed that Timon's friends are as the grains of sand in multitude, and that his foolish prodigality eventually lands him in the bankruptcy court, or its Athenian equivalent. Application for assistance to the friends who had partaken of his prosperity reveals, as might have been expected, such a strong disinclination upon their part to partake of his adversity that Timon is disgusted with the world, and retires into a cave outside the city, where he spends the short remainder of his life in railing at the human race. The princely profusion of Timon in the days of his prosperity affords abundant scope for the scenic artist, and Messrs. Grieve and Perkins have availed themselves of the opportunity. Their pictures are beyond reproach, and, as the curtain rises on them, with the characters disposed in graceful and artistic groups, each presents a tableau perfect of its sort. Few scenes even in the previous revivals have been so unique and chaste as the interior of Timon's palace—a deliciously cool quadrangle, paved with Mosaic work and flanked with Corinthian pillars. Under a colonnade of these feast Timon and his guests, whilst in the courtyard a troop of dancers disport themselves under the leadership of the illustrious Rita Sangalli. We should be very sorry to mar the effect of the ballet danced by these young ladies, which is one of the most spirited and elegant that we have seen, but it is very evident that there was no Lord Chamberlain in Athens, and that the police were no more active than they are now. If young ladies were permitted to roam about the streets of Athens with little more than a pair of earrings on, we are of opinion that Athenian manners and customs are not suited for representation on the modern stage. The ballet is, at best, an institution which it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to justify. Indubitably, as performed before the eyes of Timon and his guests, it is not justifiable at all.

Mr. Calvert's portrait is, like everything he undertakes, a painstaking and conscientious piece of work. In the early scenes the affability and generosity of Timon are very well assumed, and his remarks in the last act are admirably given. In the heavier portions of the part we think Mr. Calvert casts his presentment in too tragic a mould. After all, the discovery that one has been living beyond one's income is a domestic incident—and one which in these days is commonplace enough. We think Mr. Calvert errs in receiving the unpleasant news with as much horror and astonishment as Othello could evince when his suspicions as to the fidelity of Desdemona are first generated; and, in our opinion, which we advance with all deference, his demeanour afterwards wants toning down—especially his exit after the mock banquet scene. No doubt the unnaturally violent effect upon Timon of a very common experience is in the author's writing of the part, and so must be in the actor's rendering of it; but we think that Mr. Calvert emphasizes rather than conceals the flaw in the original conception. Doubtless, also, Mr. Calvert's portrait will tone down and mellow with experience in the part. *Timon of Athens* is a drama, not a tragedy, in the true sense.

After Mr. Calvert's Timon, Mr. Archer's Apemantus is most noticeable. Apemantus is a stage presentment of Diogenes—a most dramatic character—a foil to the fops and parasites that swarm around Timon. Mr. Archer is an improving actor, whose besetting sin is a too rapid utterance. His mien and make-up in this piece are excellent, and the short sententious remarks of Apemantus offer no temptation to his sin of glibness. In the last scene, where he has some longish speeches to deliver, the old fault crops up: but altogether, Mr. Archer has never appeared to such advantage: the best proof of his merit being that one would like him to be more upon the stage. That most useful actor, Mr. Wainwright, also does good service as the honest steward. When we remember Mr. Wainwright's rawness when he came amongst us, and when we note the excellence with which he performs almost every piece in which he appears now, we marvel. Mr. Warde, another member of the company, is made of the right stuff. We have observed great merit in several of his impersonations; and we feel sure that when the opportunity occurs, he will come out and make his mark. His little part, as one of Timon's servants, he performs with both intelligence and taste. The most peculiar feature of this drama is that it contains no female characters. We should not like a succession of such dramas; but the drawback is, in this case, not so noticeable as might be supposed.

Monday night being Mr. Calvert's benefit, he made a speech—which speech contained a very startling announcement. Mr. Calvert declared his intention—or at least, his ambition—to produce every play that Shakespere has written. With great humility we would suggest that such a determination to produce every piece that bears one author's name, without respect to its adaptability for representation on the stage, savours more of blind partizanship than that of intelligent admiration of Shakespere's genius for which we are accustomed to give Mr. Calvert credit. It is some slight consolation that he more than hinted at an extensive use of those essential instruments, the scissors, which have done such good service in the present instance. We will also hope that a very liberal discretion will be exercised as to those plays commonly bound up with Shakespere's, the authorship of which is doubtful; and that, at any rate, we may be spared the hideous tragedy of *Titus Andronicus*. Meanwhile, we heartily commend the present revival as one of the most satisfactory which this enterprising management has yet produced.

THE MANCHESTER ARTISTS' EXHIBITION.

THE real Manchester picture collection of the year—as a twelvemonth ago we designated the annual exhibition of the Manchester Academy of Art—was opened on Tuesday, and, we regret to add, will close this evening. Whether the interests of the artists or the convenience and opportunities of the public are considered, the time is altogether too short. We presume the inevitable council of the Royal Institution—the King Log of art in Manchester—is to blame; for whereas its annual exhibition drags its weary length through some three or four months, five days are all that are conceded to the vastly more interesting collection, in a local sense, of the Academy. The number of works exhibited is about three hundred, of which more than thirty are

in oil. These are contributed by eighteen members, twelve associates, and eight students, whose names are as follow:—Messrs. Adshead, Artingstall, Bancroft, Bagot, Barker, George Crozier, Robert Crozier, Alfred Darbyshire, R. G. Grundy, H. H. Hadfield, George Hayes, W. H. W. Heys, William Hull, J. Heywood, Anderson Hague, J. H. Hague, W. Knight Keeling, Joseph Knight, L. C. Livett, J. H. Letherbrow, H. Measham, James Mennie, W. Bright Morris, William Morton, Robert Pollitt, F. Popplewell, Charles Potter, J. H. E. Partington, B. Redfern, W. Robinson, Selim Rothwell, George Sheffield, R. Somerset, H. C. Slater, C. E. Tavaré, Charles Wright, Joseph Wake, Frederick A. Winkfield, and H. Clarence Whaite.

Of these gentlemen none have made a more conspicuous advance within the past twelve months than Mr. Whaite and Mr. Bright Morris. Mr. Whaites' Roman picture, *The Basilica*, is not only the most perfect work on the walls, but far exceeds in beauty anything he has previously exhibited. It is a marvel of sunlight painting. His other large drawing, *The Bay of Naples*, is very beautiful, but not so strikingly effective. Every inch is true to nature, but the scene is an easier subject to manage than the Basilica at Rome.

Mr. Bright Morris contributes three works in oil and fourteen drawings—all the fruit of an Italian tour. Some of the copies in water-colour of pictures by Holbein, Sebastiani del Piombo, and others, are admirable and extremely interesting. His most important picture is *A Cornfield in Capri*, which, though labelled "unfinished," is so nearly complete as to render excuse superfluous. In this Mr. Morris shows an extraordinary advance in colour and executive power. The manner of painting, in fact, could not be better. It is simple, solid, and, as execution should be, unobtrusive and free from anything like trick. The colour is in a better key, and far more healthy, than we have ever seen from his hand. The pendant picture to this, *A Capri Girl*—a single half-length figure of a girl, black-haired and tawny-skinned—is also very charming, and is characterized by a certain dignified nobility which is very rare.

Mr. Joseph Knight is in great force, His contributions—twelve in all—comprise landscape, seascape, portrait, and figure; and both studies and pictures show no lack of that tremendous power of effect and general manliness that are always apparent in his work. If called upon to select any as superior to the rest we should cite the *Dinah*, a charmingly demure little Quakeress (though surely too young for Adam Bede's Dinah); and the large oil seascape in the second room—*Salmon Fishing at the Mouth of the Conway*—undoubtedly the best picture (not figure) that Mr. Knight has ever painted.

Mr. George Sheffield is the largest exhibitor. He has thirty-one works on the walls. They all display great art and careful study; in fact, the one fault we feel disposed to find with some of the black and white drawings is that the art is too apparent, and there is a lack of spontaneity in the composition.

Mr. Charles Potter has somewhat changed in manner—unquestionably for the better. Few, we apprehend, would recognize his hand in the quiet, gentle landscapes in Cheshire which he exhibits this year. That pastoral scenery suits him, and that he can suit his manner to his subject, is shown by comparing these drawings with the *Dunluce Castle, Antrim*, on the opposite wall, a picture in his former style, the subject waves, clouds, rocks, and storm.

Mr. L. C. Livett has sent six drawings and one oil picture, and probably no contributions in the rooms were more keenly discussed during the private view and at the evening conversazione on Tuesday. They are all remarkable for charming quality and truth of colour. The Hampshire landscape—the embankment of a canal or river, with a lock or bye-wash in the foreground—of which there are two pictures, one in oil, the other in water-colour, is an exceedingly clever transcript, and in neither case is the attention arrested by mere technical cleverness. The *Garden of the Peacock Inn at Rowsley* is very rich and powerful in colour, but the effect of the drawing is somewhat marred by the figures of the ladies, which occupy the attention too much without being sufficiently agreeable in themselves. The other scene from Rowsley, though sombre in effect, is good in colour, but somewhat loose and clumsy in the drawing, especially of the cows. The *Bit of Hampstead Heath* is as charming and true in colour as anything that Mr. Livett has on the walls.

There are many admirable small drawings by Messrs. William Hull, George Hayes, J. Adshead, William Morton, and others, but we have not space to particularize. On the whole, the collection is superior in merit to that of any former year. There are fewer sketches and more complete works, and all seem to have worked by a higher standard than heretofore. The result is that although there are many tentative pictures on the walls—pictures of promise rather than of accomplished excellence—the final impression is that the work of our local artists is becoming more mature year by year, and that in average excellence the Academy has never hitherto attained to so much success.

In closing our notice last year, we remarked upon the entire absence of the architectural members. This time, we are glad to observe that Mr. Alfred Darbyshire has put in an appearance, and his finely-chosen, firmly-drawn, and picturesque little sketches from Holyrood, Edinburgh, and Roslyn only increase the regret we feel that this department—one in which the public is so deeply interested—is not more heartily and abundantly represented in the yearly collections of the Manchester Academy of Art.

MASTER M'GRATH'S BARK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—As certain human humbugs say, when they write to the newspapers, "my attention has been called" to a paragraph headed "Court and Canine," which appeared in last Saturday's *Sphinx*, and upon which, if you will allow me to take off the apocryphal silver muzzle which some of your contemporaries have presented me with, I desire, like my friend Maccabe, to make a few remarks on this occasion—on this occasion, Mr. *Sphinx* and gentlemen—a few remarks. Sir, I, like the rest of my race, am a thin-skinned dog, and your remarks, alike disparaging to myself and ungracious to Her Majesty, have mortified me more than did the loss of the Waterloo Cup last year. My friends, the harriers, who appreciate your powers of scent, take in your paper "reg'lar," as they say in Lancashire, and they tell me that you are as strictly impartial a judge as Mr. Warwick himself is on the plains of Waterloo. I trust, therefore, that you will allow me to explain and remonstrate, as I have a bow-wowing acquaintance with many friends in Manchester from whom during the last four years I have won golden opinions, and for many of whom I have won a large supply of golden images and superscriptions of the Queen.

Having accomplished a victory which was never before won except by my distinguished predecessor, Mademoiselle Cerito, a Manchester hound, I and my countrymen, who are a sensitive race, living contiguous to "a melancholy ocean," felt naturally gratified and elated," when I received an invitation to Court. This, like a provincial mayor receiving the honour of knighthood, was accepted by me as a compliment to my country more than to myself, and the act was appreciated as such. At the time when the newspapers gave the description of the interview, with the presentation of the biscuit and the silver whistle, I had not even arrived at Windsor. You intimate that I "surpassed in courtly achievements many a man of letters in England, who has not been blessed even with a bit of bread—when he wanted it—from the same august source." Sir, I am of a proud and dignified race. We are notorious among dogs for our unfawning propensities. Our language may not be very articulate to you bipeds, but we are not even in the habit of whining for eleemosynary biscuits from royal personages or anyone else whatever. I have gone through an enormous amount of hard work during the last five years, and am moreover already the father of a large family, and the honours which I and Lord Lurgan have won need not be grudged us. I presume you do not object to a roasted leveret, or to hare-soup, or to the animal jugged. If it were not for coursing and hunting, not a hare would be left in this country within a very few years. Why, I saw the other day an ingenious calculation which made out that even puss's much abused kinsman, the rabbit, provides cheap food for the poor annually in a few large towns equal in amount to 8,000 head of fat cattle. Keep hares and rabbits down by all means, but don't extirpate them, as you assuredly will if you abolish sport.

As a representative of my class I received Her Majesty's gracious commands to appear at Windsor, and I went. It is well known that the Queen and all the royal family are very partial to pet animals. When the people of Newfoundland desired to make a present to the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his visit, His Royal Highness chose a dog of that breed. The prime favourite of the Prince Consort was a

greyhound, or, to speak more correctly, a gazehound, like myself. You will find his portrait in numerous pictures of the royal family. What more natural than that the Queen and Princes should express a wish to see myself, the successful representative of a breed to which Prince Albert was so much attached, and which is surrounded by so many domestic, tender, and affectionate recollections. I am proud to say that my triple victory was almost as popular in your city as it was in Ireland, and that your well-known lovers of coursing flocked round and cheered me at Waterloo as if I had been the resuscitated old Duke himself. One might think that sovereigns and royal personages were not to have the common instincts of humanity. In inviting me to Windsor Castle—from which I date this letter—as one of your own race, T. B. Macaulay dated his election address—the Queen only betrayed a very natural curiosity shared in by her subjects.

Referring you for the genuineness of this letter to Mr. Alderman Bake, Mr. Nathan Slater, the owner of Brigadier, Mr. Legh, of Lyme Hall, and other well-known Lancashire coursers, in justice to Her Majesty and myself, I trust you will give publicity to this objurgatory snarl.—I am, sirs, yours,

M'GRATH.

The Kennels, Windsor Castle.

A CHEAP LUNCHEON-BAR.

THERE is a principle in the Lancashire mind, and especially in the Manchester type, which you may either term an inquiring, or enterprising, or dare-devil tendency, according to the incidents in which you have watched its development, or the actions in which you have seen it express itself. If there are several ways of ascending a mountain, you may depend upon it that your born and bred Manchester friend will prefer the most hazardous, particularly if it has never been tried before, or if wiseacre guides or natives pronounce against it. If, when standing on the summit of a precipice, there is one ledge or jutting rock which seems more isolated or extreme than any other, your cottony companion will be certain to seat himself at the outermost point of it, and, with his legs dangling in the abyss, smoke his pipe, scratch his name on the surface of the stone, or pass comments on the scene before him. Or if in rambling through old abbey, or gloomy cave, or romantic glen, you miss for a time the same irrepressible partner of your travels, you will be sure to discover him peering into some forgotten closet, searching for his hat down the sides of some hideous hole, or half-way across a turbulent stream, gazing up unmoved at the thundering cataract. We have always believed that it is a milder working of the same principle which causes us, in our town peregrinations, to penetrate to many places in which we discover ourselves, and in which there is no other understandable reason why we should be found. For instance, we are conscious of no intelligible cause for our first entering the little public-house concerning which we are about to write, except that, casually passing its door, we observed it, it looked an odd sort of place, and we had never been in it before.

No one needs to be told that the multitude of bipeds which throngs the walks of commerce every day requires to fed each noon. To meet the requirements of those gentry who do not go home for this purpose, in addition to the regular restaurants, various provisions—we mean places for procuring provisions—called "luncheon bars" exist. These are patronized by various groups of feeders. There is the group composed of the aristocratic individuals who dine at six and take only luncheon at noon. There is the group which dines at noon, but calls the meal luncheon. There is the group which lunches at noon, but calls the meal dinner. And there is the group which brings its dinner with it in a paper parcel, or eats it—the dinner—behind a pile of greys or in the workshop, and then adjourns to one of the "bars" in question to quaff the refreshing beer. Each group has its special haunts where it may be seen in its glory. The singularity about the place of which we write is that all the groups enumerated, except the very aristocratic, seem to be to a certain extent represented by its frequenters.

We believe one reason why it attracted our attention was because, at first sight, we thought we detected in it a faint resemblance to our idea of Thackeray's world-renowned "Haunt." In a street which shall be nameless, but which is known to visitors from every clime and nationality, there is a number of narrow covered passages which seem to exist for the purpose of enabling pedestrians, deafened by the ceaseless roar of passing vehicles, to escape into a network of narrow and comparatively quiet streets, tenanted by antiquated traders, and by wandering stars of that nomadic tribe known as general commission agents. Turning down one of these passages we come to the Luncheon Bar in question. It is in a cellar. Descending a few steps and tumbling through a pair of spring doors, the visitor finds himself in a small room, with a stove in a corner, a couple of tables, some seats and three-legged stools, one or two engravings, a few glazed works of art representing sundry "entires," a copy of the *Guardian*, and a counter behind which stands mine host or hostess, and on which are displayed various viands. Peering into the darkness beyond the counter he is conscious of a species of cave, in which doubtless certain barrels are stored. At the other side of the room is a doorway, leading into an apartment which serves as kitchen and dining-room. If it be considered objectionable to dine in a kitchen, it may be said that the diner has at least the advantage of being able to see what is cooked for him and how it is cooked. At this establishment, penny sandwiches, or cheese and bread, or twopenny pies, or beefsteaks and onions, or Welsh rabbits may be procured. Glasses of mild ale for three-halfpence each, or glasses of bitter for twopence each, are also to be had. The front or drawing-room—as we have christened it—is patronised by the lunchers. Also the diners, when they have done dining, often emerge from the kitchen into the drawing-room in order to drink their beers and smoke their pipes. Sometimes gentlemen dine in the drawing-room. The back apartment, in addition to its other uses, serves as a sort of Coventry in which customers who have become slightly inebriated remain. The fair sex also favour it with their presence on those occasions on which they accompany, or, more probably, follow their lords.

The student of character will find plenty of material for speculation in the company which assembles at our cheap Luncheon Bar. The best time for observation is, of course, when it is high noon. As already indicated, the spectacle is a motley one. Here, seated at a table, is a tall young man, past the marriageable age, disposing of a quantity of meat and bread, which he has just unfolded from a piece of newspaper. He is evidently an "employé" from some commercial house where the regulations regarding time are screwed as tightly as those regarding salary. Probably he has a young wife and large family, for whom he hopes by due economy to provide comfortably—maybe, to build up fortune. Next to him is a stout man, who, perhaps, travels in the alcoholic line, or is a small manufacturer from a neighbouring district. By the fire is an assistant in the retail trade, who finds this a snug place in which to consume a steak and smoke his pipe, and who seems to take each day for what it is, and not for what it may lead to. Yonder is a carter, eating the dinner which his wife has brought him in a basin, and offering his glass of "mild" to his hopeful son to sip. Most prominent are some of the class called "workmen." One of these is a cockney, who assumes a dictatorial tone, and speaks on the question of landed property as one having authority. His imperious manner and dogmatic language excite the ire of a ruddy-faced man from the neighbourhood of Glossop, and, after a sharp altercation, he of the southern dialect in a dignified manner retreats into the kitchen. Quiet restored, an opportunity is afforded for the humourist of the company to break forth into jokes and laughter. He is a man with a nose like Mr. Harry Thompson's, and a mouth whose width seems to indicate a mission to grin perpetually. The doors swing open, and an individual in that condition known as "elevated," and clothed in an attire which is suggestive of betting propensities, staggers into a seat, and feebly announces that he "wash dinner." He is told that people who are tipsy can't be served (we mentally suppose an exception where they have become so on the premises), and finding, after repeated assertions that he's "nor tipser," that nothing is placed before him, he makes a lunge through the doors and out of sight. A class of men who appear to be regular frequenters of our cheap Luncheon Bar are, seemingly, journeymen printers. What our comic friend is we don't know. We find him there at all times, passing with a slouching gait from the kitchen to the drawing-room, or seated reading the paper. Sometimes we have heard him, when the place has been almost empty, calling familiarly from the former that the pan was boiling over. We have concluded that he is a sort of pensioner, kept to preserve the good humour of the establishment.

A man may learn much in a public-house if he only keeps his ears open. There is a *naïveté* characterizing some of the remarks and comments on public men and matters which one hears in such a place as our "cheap luncheon bar" which is almost refreshing. From our printing friends we have obtained during our two or three visits much information on several subjects. For instance, we heard that the grammatical accuracy of any publication and the happiest turns of any printed composition are to be ascribed only to the printer. We had several glimpses behind the scenes with respect to a few well-known characters. We listened to narratives of incident and adventure too numerous to chronicle in detail. A public-house is often an outspoken place, and we came away from each visit to the one in question conscious that we had seen several new phases of the hopes and enthusiams and pleasures of that strange mystery, human life.

GOOD HOUSE COAL to be had at 48, GRANBY ROW, at 7d. per Cwt.
BEST 8d. per Cwt. Carted one mile and a half.

ONE YEAR'S RENT SAVED BY FURNISHING YOUR HOUSE
AT
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COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENTS,
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90, 92, 94, 96, STRETFORD ROAD,
WHERE CAN BE SEEN THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST STOCK IN MANCHESTER.

A HOUSE COMPLETELY FURNISHED IN THREE DAYS.

DRAWING ROOM SUITES,
CONSISTING OF COUCH, LADIES' AND GENTS' CHAIRS, AND SIX SMALL CHAIRS, IN REP,
£8. 8s. TO 30 GUINEAS.

DINING ROOM SUITES,
IN MAHOGANY, AND COVERED WITH BRITISH MOROCCO, COMPLETE,
FOR 10 GUINEAS.

DINING ROOM SUITES IN BEST MOROCCO, FROM 19 GUINEAS.

Dining Tables, with extra leaf, and fitted with screw, 39s. 6d. to 10 Guineas.

Bed Room Suites, in various kinds of woods, from 8 Guineas to 40 Guineas.

CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS!!
CONSIDERABLY REDUCED!

Best Brussels, 3s. 4d., 3s. 11d., 4s. 6d. Best Tapestry Brussels, 2s. 4½d. to 2s. 11d.
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Iron Bedsteads, Full Size, 11s. 9d. to £6. Wool Beds, Bolsters, and Pillows, 16s. 6d. to 50s.
Feather Beds from 38s. to £6. 10s.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES FREE.

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R. H. GIBSON,
90 TO 96, STRETFORD ROAD; AND 78, OLDHAM STREET (ANCOATS STREET END).

DUNKERLEY & FRANKS' UMBRELLAS
Are made on FOX'S Celebrated FRAMES, and Are Unequalled for QUALITY, DURABILITY, and PRICE.
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HAIR DYE, 3s. 6d. HAIR DESTROYER, or Depilatory for Removing Hair from the Face, 3s. 6d. SPANISH FLY OIL, or Oil of Cantharides, for the Growth of Hair and Whiskers, 3s. 6d. ALEX. ROSS'S GREAT HAIR RESTORER, for Changing Grey Hair to its Proper Colour, 3s. 6d. Had of all Chemists in Manchester. ALEX ROSS, 248 High Holborn, London.

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EVERY EVENING AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

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FREDERIC MACCABE,

IN HIS NOW UNIVERSALLY POPULAR

MUSICAL, DRAMATIC, AND VENTRILOQUIAL ENTERTAINMENT,

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BEGONE DULL CARE:

OR THE "TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO" OF

MIRTH, MUSIC, AND MIMICRY,

In which he will display his marvellous power of Changing Voice, Figure, and Face, with rapid and picturesque changes of Costume, New and Original Songs, and appropriate Music, Dresses, and Appointments.

"A merrier man,
Within the limits of becoming mirth,
I have never spent an hour's talk withal."—SHAKESPERE.

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Mr. MACCABE's Imitation of Henry Russell has this advantage—he reproduces the excellencies of that gentleman, without exaggerating what some people consider his defects.

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MR. SOLEMN SIDES. MISS MARY MAY.

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ASTONISHING ILLUSTRATIONS OF VENTRILOQUISM AND VOCAL ILLUSION.

Mr. MACCABE most positively refutes the false accusation of being leagued with confederates. The press of the United Kingdom has been unanimous in attesting that no performer in this peculiar line has ever equalled him in maintaining the different voices assumed in his wonderful ventriloquial performance; and so complete is the deception, and so true and life-like is the counterfeit, that it is not to be wondered at if the uninitiated in these matters becoming possessed with the idea that for so many voices to proceed from one mouth must be beyond the bounds of moral possibility.

The Excursion Train: or, the Travellers' Complaints and the Trials of a Railway Porter.

Introducing a New Song, with Bell, Whistle, and Steam Accompaniment, and Seven Characters.

MR. TOMMY GRINDLE,

A Chap from Bolton, "A gradely Lancashire Lad."

TERRY O'MULLIGAN,

A Broth of a Boy, full of good humour and scientific knowledge.

MACCABE is the Author and Composer of all the Melodies introduced in his Entertainment. These popular Airs have now become familiar in nearly every Drawing Room and Home in the kingdom, and cannot be sung in public by any other performer. Several New and Choice Ballads have been recently introduced, which are fast obtaining a firm hold on public favour.

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VIOLIN ..... Mr. W. D. DAVIS.
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PIANOFORTE and CONDUCTOR ..... **Mr. T. G. HARRIS.**

During each Performance the Band will play the following Music:—

SELECTION FROM THE OPERA OF "AMILIE."
TROUBADOUR WALTZES, COMPOSED BY F. MACCABE.

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DOORS OPEN AT **7-30**; PERFORMANCE TO COMMENCE AT **8.**

Prices of Admission:—Reserved Seats, 2s.; a few Fauteuils, 3s.; Area and Balcony, 1s.; Third Seats, 6d.

Tickets to be had and Places secured at the Ticket Office, Free Trade Hall, daily, from 10 till 4 o'clock.

JOHN F. SUTTON, Secretary and Business Manager.

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FOR THE SPRING, 1871.

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CITY CARPET & FLOOR CLOTH WAREHOUSE,

66, KING STREET, MANCHESTER.

NO HOME WITHOUT AMUSEMENT.

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Finest Imported Marsala.....20s. per doz.
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PHOTOGRAPHERS.

A. LAFOSSE, 32, Victoria Street.

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WELLS' DEPILATORY is the only *effectual* remedy for the immediate and permanent removal of superfluous hair from the face, arms, neck, &c. This preparation effects its purpose almost instantaneously, without pain or injury to the most sensitive skin. Full particulars on receipt of a stamped directed envelope. JOHN WELLS, 113, Euston-street, near Hampstead-road, London. N.B.—Hundreds of testimonials have been received from the nobility and ladies of rank who have tried this marvellous remedy.

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LAST NINE NIGHTS of the PANTOMIME. Every Evening at Seven o'clock, the Gorgeous Pantomime,

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Box office open daily from Eleven till Two.

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Mr. DE JONG begs to announce that his First Promenade CONCERT will be given at the Free-trade Hall, TO-MORROW, Saturday, March 11th.
VOCALIST—Madame FLORENCE LANCIA.
CONDUCTOR AND SOLO FLUTE—Mr. DE JONG.
The Band will consist of 40 Performers.
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Overture	"Masaniello"	Auber.
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Are warranted not to contain a single particle of *Mercury* or any other *Mineral Substance*, but to consist entirely of Medicinal Matters, *Purely Vegetable*.
During the last thirty-five years they have proved their value in thousands of instances in diseases of the Head, Chest, Bowels, Liver, and Kidneys: and in all skin complaints are one of the best medicines known.
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WATCHES of the finest finish and latest construction, 18 Carat Fine GOLD ENGLISH LEVERS, Jewelled, &c., £8 to £12. Flat Skeleton ditto, hands to set from back, handsome gold or enamelled dials, elegantly engraved cases, extra jewelled, &c., &c., £13 to £20.
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	Fiddle.	Strong Fiddle.	Best Beaded.
12 Table Spoons or Forks	30s.	36s.	56s.
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Our SEMOLINA is the staple food in France, Russia, Spain, Italy, &c., and will soon be that of England. It has obtained
24 PRIZE MEDALS
in the Grand Exhibitions for its superiority over al others; and is pronounced by the most eminent members of the Medical Profession, both in London and in Paris, to be far more nutritious than Tapioca, Arrowroot, Corn Flour (which are only Starch), or any farinaceous food already introduced into this country. See Dr. Hassall's Analytical Report.
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As a proof of our assertion, we challenge a comparison by analysis between our SEMOLINA and the so-called *Pearlina*.

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a trial is richer than any other farinaceous food, in nitrogenous matter and gluten. Indispensable in the bone and muscular formation.

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May be used with or without Milk.
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MAYAR'S HOMINY,
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EVERY EVENING.—IMPORTANT NOVELTIES IN PREPARATION.

ROYAL POMONA GARDENS.
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EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND SATURDAY.
Admission, Sixpence each.

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MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE,
TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1871.
Band from three o'clock. Admission, 6d. each.

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Commencing Every Evening at Half-past Seven.
NEW and LAUGHABLE SCENES in the ARENA.
Thrilling Acts of Horsemanship,
And, in addition, the Grand Equestrian Spectacle of
DICK TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK AND DEATH OF BONNY BLACK BESS will be represented.
Prices as usual. — Box office open daily.

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At the present time much watchfulness must be exercised, and the earliest evidences of ill health immediately checked, or a slight illness may result in a serious malady. Relaxed and sore throat, diphtheria, quinsey, coughs, chronic cough, bronchitis, and most other pulmonary affections will be greatly relieved by rubbing this cooling Ointment into the skin as near as practicable to the seat of mischief. This treatment, at once simple and effective, is admirably adapted for the removal of such diseases during infancy and youth. Old asthmatic invalids will derive marvellous relief from the use of Holloway's remedies, which have brought round many such sufferers and re-established health after every other means had signally failed.

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THESE PILLS are a sure specific for HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, FLATULENCY, COMPLAINTS or AFFECTIONS of the STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS, &c. They give immediate relief in cases of PERSISTENT COUGH, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, and other AFFECTIONS of the LUNGS. For GOUT, RHEUMATISM, &c., they are invaluable; they have been in use for upwards of half a century, and thousands have testified to the benefits experienced by their use
Sold by all Chemists and other Dealers in Patent Medicines at 1s. 1½d., s. 9d., and 4s. 6d per box.

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